

Wet funeral

by Steven Pirani

I feel a cold wind from the back of your mouth
and the weight of a moon on our home,
while she is pushing out from under her door
one syllable of movement at 4 a.m.

I know now, how she moves without verbs
after you crushed her into the river.

Do you remember, when it happened
the sound of the deer running from the shore
the ravens on your car
how the dogs would watch you from the window.

I have never seen a body float upstream.
You had never seen a body float upstream.

I used to wonder,
why all urban legends come from the country
why all legends demand some blood
why you sleep with a chair under the knob.

Tell me what has poisoned our garden.
Tell me you can't see her in my face.

You can only hide so many keys
before the hinges wilt from the frame
and no one can board a door
from both sides.

And so you scream her name in your sleep
but you pronounce it wrong.

How could you have forgotten
that ghosts shamble from the crater of life.
How could you have forgotten
that she was our daughter.

